And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
2 Come, come, we feare the woorst, all shalbe wel.
3 When cloudes appeare, wise men put on their cloakes:
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sunne sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vnrimely stormes, make men expect a dearth:
All may be well: but if God sort it so,
Tis more then we deserue or I expect.
1 Truelie the soules of men are full of bread:
Yee cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauily, and full of feare.
3 Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see.
The waters swell before a boistrous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?
2 We are sent for to the Iustice.
3 And so was I, Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Quee. young Yorke.

Car. Last night I heare they lay at Northhampton,
At stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day, they will be here.
Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growen since last I saw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.
Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.
Dut. Why my yong Cozen it is good to growe.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My vnckle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vnckle Gloucester,
Small herbes haue grace, great weedes grow apace,
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast:
Because sweete flowers are slowe, and weedes make haste.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold.
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,

So

So long a growing, and so leisur
That if this were a true rule, he
Car. Why Madame, so no d
Dut. I hope so too, but yet I
Yor. Now by my troth if I ha
I could haue giuen my Vnckles
That should haue neerer toucht
Dut. How my pretie Yorke?
Yor. Marrie they say that my
That he could gnaw a crust at tw
Twas full two yeares ere I could
Granam this would haue beene
Dut. I pray thee pretie York
Yor. Granam his nurse.
Dut. Why she was dead ere t
Yor. If twere not she, I canne
Qu. A perilous boy, go to, yo
Car. Good Madame be not a
Qu. Pitchers haue eares.
Car. Here comes your sonne,
What newes Lo: Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Madame, and in he
Dut. What is the newes then
Dor. Lo: Riuers and Lo: Gray
With them, Sir Thomas Vaugh
Dut. Who hath committed th
Dor. The mightie Dukes, G
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can
Why, or what these nobles were
Is all vnknowne to me my graciou
Qu. Ay mee, I see the down
The tyger now hath ceazd the ge
Insulting tyranny begins to iet,
Vpon the innocent and lawlesse
Welcome destruction, death and

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